

H O P E

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P O E M.

*— Vitam
Spes fovet, et melius cras fore, semper ait.*

TIBULLUS, Lib. II. Eleg. 6.

BY THE *K*

Rev. SAMUEL HAYES, M.A.
OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, AND USHER OF
WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

C A M B R I D G E,

Printed by J. ARCHDEACON Printer to the UNIVERSITY;

For J. & J. MERRILL, in Cambridge; J. DODSLEY, in Pall Mall, W. GINGER, in College Street,
Westminster, J. WALTER, at Charing-cross, G. WILKIE, in St. Paul's Church-yard,
and F. KNIGHT, in St. James's Street, London.

MDCCLXXXIII.

H O P E:

P. O. E. M.

Trinitas, Lib. II. Epig. 6.

Rev. S. A. MUEL HAYES, M.A.
OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, AND USHER OF
WESTMINSTER SCHOOL

C A M B R I D G E

1944

For J. & J. Mawdsley, to Cambridge: J. H. Mawdsley, 11 West W. Street, in College Street.
Walthamstow, J. Walthamstow and Son, 100 High Street, London.
and J. E. Wright, 100 High Street, London.

REVISED

A Clause of Mr. SEATON's Will,
Dated Oct. 8, 1738.

I Give my Kissingbury Estate to the University of Cambridge for ever: the Rents of which shall be disposed of yearly by the Vice-Chancellor for the time being, as he the Vice-Chancellor, the Master of Clare-Hall, and the Greek Professor for the time being, or any two of them shall agree. Which three persons aforesaid shall give out a Subject, which Subject shall for the first Year be one or other of the Perfections or Attributes of the Supreme Being, and so the succeeding Years, till the Subject is exhausted; and afterwards the Subject shall be either Death, Judgment, Heaven, Hell, Purity of Heart, &c. or whatever else may be judged by the Vice-Chancellor, Master of Clare-Hall, and Greek Professor, to be most conducive to the honour of the Supreme Being and recommendation of Virtue. And they shall yearly dispose of the Rent of the above Estate to that Master of Arts, whose Poem on the Subject given shall be best approved by them. Which Poem I ordain to be always in English, and to be printed; the expence of which shall be deducted out of the product of the Estate, and the residue given as a reward for the Composer of the Poem, or Ode, or Copy of Verses.

WE, the underwritten, do assign Mr. SEATON's Reward for the Year 1783, to SAMUEL HAYES, M. A. for his Poem on HOPE; and direct the said Poem to be printed according to the Tenor of the Will.

Oct. 28,
1783.

R. Beadon, Vice-Chancellor.
W. Cooke, Greek Professor.

8:51 2.20 1.57

I Give my Right Honourable Brethren to the University of Cambridge for ever: the Rector of
which shall be assisted yearly by the Vice-Chancellor for the time being, as he the
Vice-Chancellor, the Master of Christ-Hall, and the Greek Professor for the time being,
or any two of them shall agree. Which three persons aforesaid shall give out a Sub-
ject, which Subject shall for the first Year be one or other of the Propositions or Ar-
guments of the Supremacy, and in the following Years, till the Subject is exhausted;
and afterwards the Subject shall be either Death, Judgment, Liberty, Hell, Purgatory,
of Heaven, &c. or whatsoever else may be judged by the Vice-Chancellor, Master of Christ-
Hall, and Greek Professor, to be most conducing to the honour of the Supremacy being and
continuance of it. And they shall yearly dispatch of the Rector of the above-said
University of Cambridge, whose Town in the Subject given shall be best approved by them,
which Town I intend to be made in England, and to be printed; the expense of
which shall be defrayed out of the profits of the Edition, and the residue given to be re-
warded by the Chancellor of the Court, or Clerk, or Coffer-keeper.

W. E. the undersigned, do assign Mr. SEATON's Reward for the Year 78, to SAMUEL HAYES, M. A. for his Poem on HUSB; and direct the said Poem to be printed accord- ing to the Tenor of the Will.

W. Cook, Clerk, Greek Professor.
R. Eason, Vice-Chancellor.

II.

H O P E:

Be such unhallow'd strains to those confin'd
To the alone, whole adul'ring lays,
(Reflecting mirrors of the servile mind)
As fortune points, award the wreath of praise!
Let such, the nobler objects of the soul
Renounce, the rays of virtue's fire disclaim!

P O E M.

Let them, by wand'ring, the world control,
And seize the prize of opulence and fame!
Poor is the prize, which wealth and fame impart,
While scrutinizing conscience rends the inward heart.

I.

HENCE, the light numbers of the venal lay! —
Numbers, which wealth, or rank, alone inspire;
Hence too the strain, which, with voluptuous sway,
Lights in the breast the flame of loose desire!
No trivial subject now invokes the Muse,
Some Hero's martial prowess to rehearse;
Or, urg'd by interest's contracted views,
To bring the tribute of obsequious verse.
Nor here shall Satire, swollen with envious rage,
Vent it's malignant gall, and stain the purer page.

A

Be

II.

Be such unhallow'd strains to those confin'd,

To those alone, whose adulating lays,
(Reflecting mirrors of the servile mind)

As fortune points, award the wreath of praise!

Let such, the nobler objects of the soul

Renounce, the rays of virtue's fire disclaim!

Let them, by pointed wit, the world control,

And seize the prize of opulence and fame!

Poor is the prize, which wealth and fame impart,

While scrutinizing conscience rends the inmost heart.

III.

Far hence be banish'd such licentious strains!

A grander theme awakes the Poet's fire;

A theme, whose purer argument disdains

The low suggestions earth-born cares inspire,

To paint Seraphick Hope's benignant pow'r,

The youthful Muse aspires on trembling wing:

Hope, which can, e'en in sorrow's gloomy hour,

Th' assuaging balm of consolation bring:

Dispel the clouds, which darken all the view,

And in the languid breast th' exhausted strength renew.

High

IV.

High on a rock, whose elevated brow
Frowns o'er the deep, the Goddess takes her stand;
From her blanch'd robes, which, pure as ether, flow,
The rays of animating light expand;
And while around the cliff's exalted pile,
The turbid waves in angry Phalanx form,
She views, with resignation's placid smile,
Th' accumulated horrors of the storm.
Tho' seas on seas in mingled fury roll,
Firm, and unshaken, rests the purpose of her soul.

V.

O say, throughout life's complicated maze,
Where winding paths the dubious step beguile,
Where rankling envy, foe of well-earn'd praise,
In ambush lies, and plans th' insidious wile;
Tho' dangers threat, in direst form array'd,
Whence draws the mind unconquerable force?
Whence, 'midst opposing terrors undismay'd,
Holds she the tenor of her destin'd course?
Hope smoothes the way, levels the rugged height,
And thro' the thwarting shades dispenses genial light.

VI.

Mark, where the exil'd Wretch, the toiling slave,
(So dooms the mandate of despotick pow'r)
Imprison'd deep within the gloomy cave,
Digs from earth's greedy womb the sordid ore.
Thro' the wide labyrinth of drear despair,
Damp vapors blast the wholesome breath of day:
Around impervious darkness reigns, save where
The dim lamp sheds it's solitary ray;
And, O distracting thought! no Friend appears,
To calm the wounded breast, and sooth it's poignant fear.

VII.

Yet e'en the Wretch, to these dark caverns driv'n,
To solitude, and daily toil, consign'd,
Exil'd from ev'ry benefit of Heav'n,
Still feels a ray of comfort in his mind. —
Oft as remembrance to the soul conveys
The long-lost blessings of a happier fate;
Oft as remembrance to the soul portrays,
What charms on friendship, what on freedom wait;
Hope cheers the view, with low'ring clouds o'ercast,
Points to the future scenes, and cancels all the past.

Hark!

VIII.

Hark! The deep thunder rends the trembling pole;
The livid light'ning darts athwart the clouds;
White breaks the surge, and dread the billows roll,
While the winds whistle thro' the shiver'd shrouds.
Prest by the horror of impending woes,
With folded arms, behold the Sailor stand!
O'er the wild waves his straining eye he throws,
In eager search of hospitable land.
In vain he looks around — No land is nigh —
No friendly port, alas! relieves the anxious eye.

IX.

Anon his Comrades call. — Rouz'd at th' alarm,
He starts, and joins the persevering Crew;
Puts forth the vigor of his manly arm,
And braces ev'ry languid nerve anew.
Vain all the schemes, which fertile art provides;
Nor art, nor labor, can destruction check:
Triumphant o'er the found'ring vessel's sides,
The chaf'd sea breaks, and whelms the crouded deck.
* Some few escape; They, to Heav'n's will resign'd,
Seize the light trembling boat, and trust the stormy wind.

* See Captain Inglefield's narrative of the loss of the Centaur.

X.

Thro' the swoln billows of th' Atlantick deep
They drive, obedient to the current's force;
And while around them threat'ning tempests sweep,
Nor chart, nor compass, guide their perilous course.
Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
From the Moon's shrouded orb no lustre darts;
No glimm'ring Star, with tutelary light,
To the strain'd eye it's wonted aid imparts.
Chill cold benumbs the limbs: — With rapid pace,
Convulsive famine stalks, and writhes the haggard face.

XI.

E'en thus, though death, in varied form, assail,
Night after night, they stem the foaming waves:
Chear'd by the jocund song, and festive tale,
The dauntless spirit ev'ry danger braves.
Dear are the relatives of social life,
Dear is Britannia's long-relinquish'd soil;
But dearer far, the claims of Son and Wife;
For them they brave th' extremity of toil.
These strong ideas flatt'ring Hope suggest,
Confirm the slacken'd nerves, and fire the drooping breast.

XII.

Turn to yon Wretch! Deep in his wounded frame,
 Despair hath fix'd her agonizing dart;
 Indignant pride, reluctant, timid shame,
 Alternate seize, and rend, the throbbing heart.
 He, when revolving years had stamp'd him Man,
 When call'd the ampler stage of life to tread,
 With ev'ry pleasing hope his course began,
 And choicest blessings crown'd his favor'd head.
 Smooth glides the Bark, fann'd by the buoyant gale:—
 Voluptuous Zephyrs breathe, and swell the wanton sail.

XIII.

At length, (sure end of riot's giddy round)
 Adversity begins her iron reign;
 Wide o'er the scene, so late with pleasures crown'd,
 Grim penury leads forth her ruthless train.
 Around the Ministers of vengeance throng;
 — Contempt, and want, exert remorseless pow'r. —
 Where's now the soothing strain, and chearful song?
 Where now, the troop, which hail'd his blissful hour?
 All fled, like unsubstantial shadows fled,
 What time the Sun in clouds hides his effulgent head.

Abandon'd

XIV.

Abandon'd, and forlorn he stands; bereft
 Of all the relatives, which Man holds dear:
 Not e'en a ray of consolation left,
 Calamity's disastrous path to chear.
 O whither can he turn? — To life's past scene,
 Rich with the bounties of benignant fate?
 Anon the present horrors intervene,
 And doubly aggravate the galling weight.
 Before him, a dark, dreary prospect lies;
 Dangers on dangers croud, terrors on terrors rise.]

XV.

Frantick with grief, he grasps the fatal steel,
 (Despondency's last refuge here below)
 And, deaf to injur'd Nature's strong appeal,
 Now meditates the liberating blow. —
 But soft! What voice is that, whose potent claim
 — Arrests the ear, with more than mortal sway? —
 In the dire crisis of despair, and shame,
 Athwart the clouds, Hope darts a genial ray;
 Hope calls, and at her animating word, [sword.
 The outstretch'd arm is check'd, and drops the pointed
 Alike,

XVI.

Alike, in all the scenes of life's wide stage,
In all, directing Goddess, Hope presides:
Whate'er pursuits the active mind engage,
She moves each spring, and ev'ry passion guides.
Whether, by sordid avarice inspir'd,
Treasure on treasure we insatiate heap;
Or, by ambition's brighter glories fir'd,
We climb fame's perilous, and craggy steep;
Thy spirit, Hope, in the rapt bosom swells;
Anticipates the bliss, and ev'ry fear dispels.

XVII.

And yet, alas! How fugitive, how vain
The Phantom, which deluded Man pursues!
How quickly past, is pleasure's airy reign,
And mad ambition's elevated views!
Speak ye, who in the dissipated round
Of luxury, and festive riot, glide:
Speak ye, whom fortune's lavish hand hath crown'd,
With the gay pomp of wealth, and tow'ring pride!
Can opulence, can pomp's exalted state,
Or pleasure's festive song, arrest the arm of fate?

XVIII.

Whate'er or opulence, or rank, can boast,
Is limited to life's contracted span;
Pass but a few, few fleeting years, at most,
Lo! Death subverts the visionary plan.
But Hope, the brightest Minister of Heav'n,
Rests on Religion's adamant base;
To her a delegated pow'r is giv'n,
Empire, uncircumscrib'd by local space.
Beyond earth's bounds, she soars on outstretch'd wing:
Wrests from the grave it's victory, from death his sting.

XIX.

Ingrate apostacy, and foul revolt,
Apostacy from God's supreme command,
Draws down on Man the desolating bolt,
And arms with terror Heav'n's avenging hand.
Exil'd from Paradise, that happy seat
Where spring eternal crown'd the teeming soil,
The guilty Pair, with ling'ring step, retreat,
Heirs now of misery, and ceaseless toil.
Behind them, o'er their forfeit bow'rs display'd,
Wide thro' the troubled air, flames the Cherubick blade.

O how

XX.

O how can ye, immortal as ye were,
 To whom the earth spontaneous treasures gave,
Sustain the galling weight of toil and care?
 How silence the dread horrors of the grave?
Lo! in the midst of Heav'n's predicted wrath,
 Mercy vouchsafes to send a guiding ray;
Illuminates the long, and dreary path,
 And sooths the labor of the toilsome day.
The grand Seducer falls; — Man's exil'd race,
From Satan's bonds absolv'd, resume their forfeit place.

XXI.

As the lone Pilgrim, whom the shades of night
 O'ertake, when near some pathless forest's side;
As he, if chance he spy a distant light,
 Braves ev'ry fear, and hails th' auspicious guide:
Thus Adam, by the star of mercy led,
 Undaunted quits his interdicted bow'rs;
Tho' doom'd the paths of wretchedness to tread,
 The star of mercy sooths the lonely hours.
Tho' death be doom'd, the animated heart,
By Heav'n's blest promise rais'd, smiles at the mortal dart.

XXII.

Hence, 'midst the mazes of each future age,
When mystick Prophecies inform'd Mankind,
Hope's lenient aid could ev'ry ill assuage,
Relieve the faint, confirm the dubious mind.
Tho' Kings lead forth their Hosts in stern array,
Tho' war her train of vengeful Furies wake;
No perils can Religion's Sons dismay,
No menace virtue's dauntless spirit shake.
Firm rests the soul, amidst the dungeon's gloom;
E'en unappall'd in death, defies the Tyrant's doom.

XXIII.

Contemplate Job! On his devoted head
Satan exhausts misfortune's baneful train;
Around the Ministers of rapine spread,
And desolation blasts the fertile plain.
Sudden th' impetuous Whirlwind sweeps along,
Wresting the lordly mansion from it's base;
And, 'midst the chorus of the genial song,
In ruin whelms the Father's wretched race.
View him thus fall'n! "Fall'n from his high estate!"
The mark of pointed scorn, the outcast prey of fate!

XXIV.

Nor yet alone, howe'er severe the stroke,
External ills the troubled spirits press:
The weight of poverty's disastrous yoke,
Contempt, and destitution's bleak distress:
On the cold ground the bleeding suff'rer lies,
Victim of fell disease, and writhing pain;
From limb to limb the wasting fever flies,
Shoots thro' the nerve, and racks the throbbing vein.
View him thus fall'n! in life's first wishes crost;
Each blessing from him snatch'd, and ev'ry comfort lost!

XXV.

Friendship, which should, with sympathetick aid,
With social converse, lighten mis'ry's weight:
Friendship, throws double gloom on ev'ry shade,
And sharper points the shafts of adverse fate.
E'en She, by rites of holy marriage bound,
Calamity's fore burthen to remove;
To sooth and mitigate the rankling wound,
By the soft blandishments of faithful love;
E'en She, dire fate! bids him Heav'n's King defy:
Bids him all fealty abjure, curse God, and die.

XXVI.

In complicated woe o'erwhelm'd at length,
 Patience no more th' oppressive load sustains;
 The soul, bereft of Nature's fost'ring strength,
 Questions Heav'n's will, and God's award arraigns.
 "Perish the day, perish the fatal hour,"
 He cries, "when first these eyes beheld the light!
 "From that untimely moment, Satan's pow'r
 "Hath curs'd each dawning day, each closing night.
 "Hear me, O Death! this weary soul release!—
 "'Tis thine, and thine alone, to shed the balm of peace.—

XXVII.

"But hence, Despair! Hence, with thy rueful train!
 "Be ev'ry froward murmur hence suppress!
 "Man still, though doom'd affliction to sustain,
 "Heav'n's first, and dearest object, stands confest.
 "I feel, (awaken'd Job exclaims) I feel
 "My lab'ring breast with new-born comfort glow.—
 "Religion makes her eloquent appeal,
 "And counteracts misfortune's sharpest woe.
 "Her better hopes, o'er the dark pow'rs of death
 "Triumphant, animate the sick, and fainting breath.

XXVIII.

“ My blest Redeemer lives — In that last day,
 “ When, ‘ like the baseless fabrick of a dream,’
 “ Earth’s unsubstantial glories pass away,
 “ He then shall stand, acknowledg’d Lord supreme.
 “ My blest Redeemer lives. — Tho’ death this head
 “ Consign, a victim to the silent tomb;
 “ Tho’ worms, around my lifeless body spread, [sume.
 “ Tho’ noisome worms, these mould’ring limbs con-
 “ Triumphant still o’er Satan’s pow’r I rise; [eyes.”
 “ My God, my God appears, and wakes these languid

XXIX.

Could Hope, e’en in that dark, and distant age,
 The anguish of the tortur’d breast compose?
 Disease in all its threat’ning forms assuage,
 And minister the balm of soft repose?
 Could Hope, so long before that day appear’d,
 The æra of Redemption to Mankind,
 When truth’s bright beams the realms of darkness chear’d,
 And purg’d the mists of error from the mind;
 Could she, e’en then, exalt the drooping soul,
 Confirm it’s trembling pow’rs, and every ill control?

And

XXX.

And shall we now, now while celestial light
 Pours forth the lustre of unclouded day,
 Still slumber in the darksome vale of night,
 Nor wake to greet the Evangelick ray?
 Shall we, tho' mercy to Man's guilty race
 Glad tidings of felicity announce;
 Shall we, attach'd to life's contracted space,
 Salvation's proffer'd heritage renounce?
 Tho' Heirs of Heav'n, sink in th' oblivious grave,
 Like the prone, grov'ling Beast, instinct's obsequious slave?

XXXI.

Awake, ye Sons of Men! The hallow'd word
 Contemplate, stamp'd with truth's immortal seal!
 Mark, where the faithful Servants of their Lord,
 Thro' the wide world Heav'n's high behests reveal!—
 Calamities from ev'ry quarter press;
 Ten thousand perils darken all the view;
 Contempt, indignant hatred, fore distress,
 And friendless indigence, their steps pursue.
 Stern persecution's arm, by pow'r maintain'd,
 The ruthless sword uplifts, with Martyrs' blood distain'd.

Firm

XXXII.

Firm amidst legions of surrounding foes,
With unremitted zeal, they hold their course:
Undaunted 'midst oppression's varied woes,
Defy Authority's vindictive force.
In vain the furious Bigot threats; in vain
The Sophist weaves the net of subtle art:
The Tyrant, 'midst his adulating train,
Feels terror shake his agonizing heart;
E'en on his throne he trembles; Guilt and Shame
Fix deep their barbed shafts, and rend his coward frame.

XXXIII.

Behold the path which leads to endless life!
In this the Martyr trod, all pow'r withstood;
Brav'd ev'ry danger in the mortal strife,
And ratify'd his faith with sacred blood. —
At length, oppression's sanguinary hand
No more o'er Christians holds vindictive sway;
No more the ruthless Tyrant's fell command
Consigns to death his unresisting prey.
Yet e'en to us, from all these terrors freed,
Still the same Hope is giv'n, the same reward decreed.

XXXIV.

Hail, thou pure Inmate of the human breast!

Thou delegated Guide of Man, all hail!

The brightest Minister of joy and rest,

And fairest flow'r in life's bewilder'd vale!

O to thy suppliant's pray'r (such Heav'n design'd

Thy office) to his pray'r propitious bend!

Confirm, and animate the trembling mind!

On thee he calls, Man's first, and firmest Friend.

Thy beams, amidst the horrors of despair,

Disperse the gath'ring mists, and purge the grosser air.

XXXV.

Or, should the mild award of fate assign

The pomp, and dignity of earthly state;

Should fortune, in one long unbroken line,

Bid pleasure on her fav'rite Child await:

When wealth corrupts the alienated sense,

Or pleasure's bonds enthrall the torpid soul,

O then thy salutary strength dispense!

The fascinating blandishment control!

Be thine the hallow'd task, immortal Guide,

To check vain arrogance, and curb o'erweening pride.

XXXVI.

Approach, in all thy radiant charms array'd;
The blooming charms of never-fading youth!
To the mind's eye, in purest light pourtray'd,
Hold up the tablature of living truth!
And when the Soul, the slave of low desire,
Courts the fleet visions of voluptuous mirth,
Teach it, from bondage rescu'd, to aspire
Beyond the narrow boundaries of earth,
To those bright realms, where, free from all alloy,
Exhaustless comfort springs, and everlasting joy.

XXXVII.

The World, in all it's boasted grandeur proud,
In all it's stores of dazzling splendor bright,
Is but a transient, unsubstantial cloud,
Which the Sun skirts with momentary light:
Anon, th' assailing winds impetuous rise,
Black low'rs the tempest in the fullen sky;
Before the driving blast the vision dies,
And all the vivid tints of splendor fly:
Pass but a moment, ev'ry ray is gone;
Nor e'en a vestige left, where the bright glories shone.

XXXVIII.

And shall we, for this visionary gleam,
 Degen'rate swerve from Heav'n's immortal plan?
 Give up, for vanity's light airy dream,
 The nobler heritage reserv'd for Man?
 Tho' rocks their cragg'd heads in ambush hide,
 Tho' storms and tempests sweep the angry Main;
 While Hope's fair star shines forth auspicious Guide,
 E'en tempests, storms and rocks, oppose in vain.
 Safe, 'midst the Ocean's iterated force,
 The sacred Vessel shapes her Heav'n directed course.

11:7:49

XXXVII.

